

*The History of*

Prince Come hither Francis. Francis My Lord.

Prince How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis Forsooth fīue yeeres, and as much as to

Poines Francis.

Francis Anone, anone sir.

Prince Fīue yeeres, berlady along lease for the clincking of pewter; But Francis, darest thou beso valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it.

Francis O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all bookes in England I could find in my heart.

Poines Francis, Francis Anon sir.

Prince How old art thou, Francis?

Francis Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shal be

Poines Francis.

Francis Anone sir, pray you stay a little my Lord.

Prince Nay but harke you Francis, for the sugar thou gauest me, 't was a peny worth, wast not?

Francis O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince I wil giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poines Francis. Francis Anone, anone.

Princes Anone Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis. or Francis, on thurseday: or indeede Francis, when thou wilt. But Francis.

Francis My Lord.

Prince Wilt thou robb this leatherne ierkin, cristall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, caddice garter, smoothe tongue, Spanish powch?

Francis O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince VVhy then your browne bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white canualse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis VVhat sir? Poines Francis.

Prince Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint, VVhat standst thou stil, & hearst such a calling slook.

to

*Henry the fourth.*

to the ghefts within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?

Prin. Let then alone a while, & then open the doores. Poines.

Poines Anon, anon sir.

Enter poines.

Prince Sirra, Falstaffe and the reste of the theeues are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poi. As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of goodman Adam, to the pupillage of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Francis Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parrat, & yet the sonne of a woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some sixe or seuen dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his handes, & sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry, sayes she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (saies he) and answers, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damnde Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Rino, saies the drunkard: cal in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poines Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. Ere I lead this life long, Ile sowe neather stockes, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sack, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

he drinketh.

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pitifull harted Titan that melted at the sweete tale of the sunne: if thou didst, then behold that compound.

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Falst.